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Looking back

The historical significance of a single calendar year doesn't usually come to light until five or 10 or even 20 years after its end. Yet the events of 1970 in Mississauga, Port Credit and Streetsville indicate this year will be looked back on as one of healthy growth and prosperity for the area.

Certainly 1970 has been an annum of fertile industrial and residential development. The completion of several major structures including industries, apartment complexes and the McLaughlin Group headquarters on Burnhamthorpe Rd. bear witness.

In the sports and recreation field, residents will soon be able to enjoy the now-complete Clarkson Arena and Recreation Centre while they look forward to a double-rink arena, which has been approved for Cawthra Rd., and a new minor league baseball park.

Looking at less concrete stages 1970 has been a period of intense planning and initiation of projects. Great progress has been made toward the eventual unfolding of Meadowvale and Erin Mills, the two new communities which arise largely within the boundaries of Mississauga and Streetsville.

An official public bus service has come to Mississauga with the signing of a five-year contract between the town and Charterways Co. Ltd., operators of Mississauga Transit. Once final approval has been bestowed by the Department of Transport and the Transit set-up's growing pains worked out, the service should become the backbone of Mississauga's transportation system.

Port Credit has also enjoyed a year of major construction and development despite the stubborn refusal of Lakeshore Rd. businessmen to give their shops a much needed clean-up. Work is proceeding well on Lakeshore Park and several new apartment structures were either completed or nicely started.

Development has not been heavy in Streetsville but town officials have been busy making preparations for the population influx expected from Meadowvale New Town.

The year also had its bleak moments including the disappointing announcement by Municipal Affairs Minister Darcy McKeough of his decision to postpone regional government in the area until at least 1972 and the sudden death of Mississauga town clerk Gordon Lummiss.

But taken as an overall picture we see 1970 as a happy formative year for the young town of Mississauga and a generally prosperous one for her more established sister communities, Port Credit and Streetsville.

Looking forward

Peering into the future is usually an inexact practice at best. However, by considering known facts and examining potentialities a few calculated predictions or best guesses are not out of order.

The feeling here is that the economic future of Mississauga, Port Credit and Streetsville will be determined by the success, or lack of it, realized by the leaders of the three towns in their handling of existing problems.

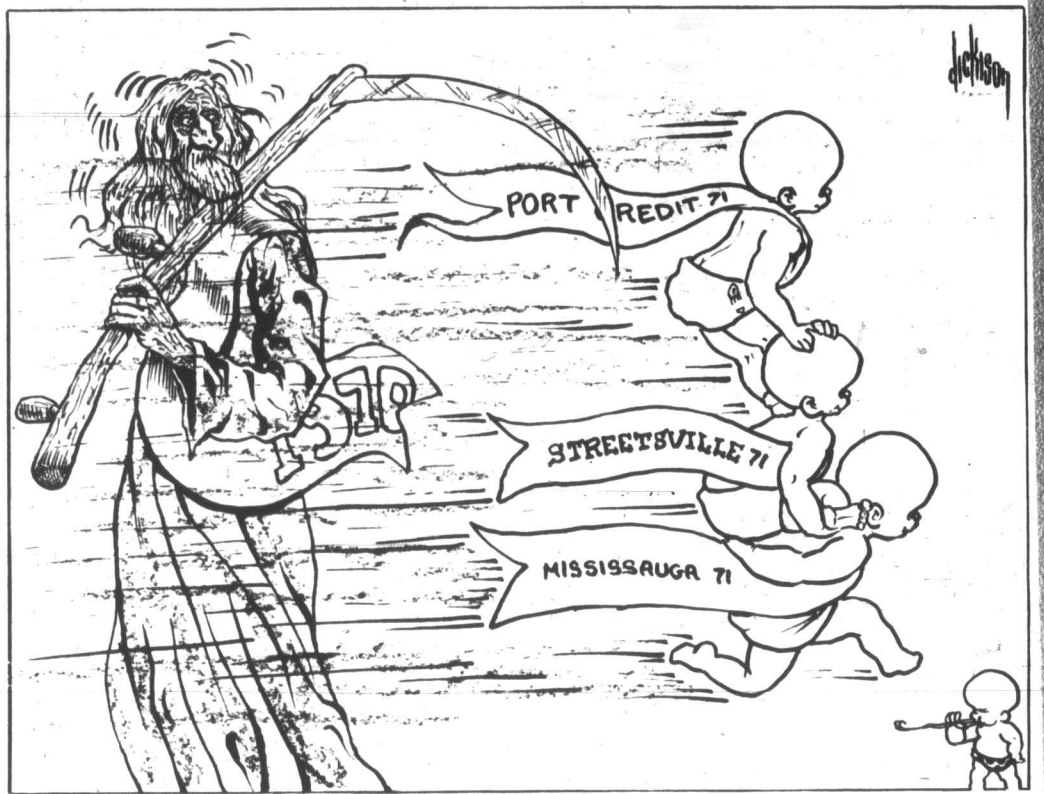
Unless some powerful depression-bringing trend hits the area the current physical development of local industry, residential areas and in turn the general economy should continue to take care of itself as would a large family of rabbits.

The important part will be the quality and direction of this development. Strict controls, carefully-researched planning, and honesty by our politicians and the respective town staffs (at least as far as the Provincial and Federal Governments will allow) will bring growth and development up to or even beyond potential. The alternative is failure.

Geographically (or maybe it is politically) we see the best future for the area in a "city" unit. Without knocking the current administrations in Port Credit and Streetsville, the town of Mississauga in our opinion possesses the most efficient leaders and government machinery.

Culturally we look forward to the Jan. 1 inception of the "Mississauga" mailing address for the whole town. Probably every Mississaugan has given his place of residence at one time or another only to be greeted by the question: "Oh, where's that?" With the new mailing address and a little promoting of the town by her people, perhaps Mississauga can begin to shake its identity problem.

The rest... well, we'll just have to wait and see.
HAPPY 1971.



Next year! Here we come!

SCOTT YOUNG

You can tell that Christmas is over when:

Dad comes downstairs in his bare feet and sorts through the socks under the tree to find a pair sober enough to wear to work.

The skates that were brand-new under the tree on Christmas morning need sharpening. (As in, "Gee, Dad, I can't even turn a corner without falling down, and it keeps on costing me goals - honest.")

The little girl comes down bearing her most recent masterpiece in the painting-by-numbers game and shyly says, "The head would look better if the color hadn't run into the neck."

There isn't enough turkey left for a sandwich.

Mother goes back to her old housecoat.

Dad hunts around after dinner and looks in several empty cigar boxes and then says, "I guess I'll have to go back to buying my own."

The last bunch of Christmas cards come from people who cut you off their list, but then got one from you.

The lady who left her fur coat on Boxing Day comes back to get it and returns the other fur coat she took by mistake. And Mother says to Dad, "If I had a fur coat I think I could keep track of it." And Dad says, "I think I will go and clean the basement."

The man on the street who always gets his Christmas tree down first appears on his front steps and throws his naked Christmas tree out on the lawn.

Mother flops in a chair and sticks her legs out in front of her and announces: "Only 298 shopping days until Christmas!"

You can tell when New

Year's is almost here when:

Dad says to mother, "Do you think we should practice the cha-cha for a little while tonight, in case they play it on New Year's?"

Mother says to Dad, "I simply can't wear that dress again."

All the children, except babies who can't talk yet, ask three times a day if they can stay up and watch New Year's Eve on television.

Mother says to herself, "I think I could drop that hemline a few inches this year, and maybe change the neckline."

Dad says, "I used to give up smoking every New Year's, but this year instead I'm going to give up getting no sleep."

The hockey stick that was brand-new at Christmas has a big chip out of the blade.

Mother says, "I'd rather we took our own car instead of going with George, especially when the tickets say there's all the champagne you can drink, at midnight. You know George."

Dad says, "This cumbersome must have shrunk."

The bills from Christmas begin to arrive.

The little girl is looking in the refrigerator and finds Mother's corsage. Her eyes are shining as she whispers, "Isn't it beautiful."

Mother tries on the dress she has been re-modelling and dad says, "You look beautiful," and Mother says, "You're just saying that because you know I don't feel right wearing this old thing again."

And Dad says, "In or out of that dress, you are beautiful," and both of them laugh, although the children aren't quite sure why.

Our readers say . . .

A vote for double-rink arena

Sir: What a sigh of relief we parents can emit when Clarkson Arena opens for minor hockey on Saturday, January 2.

Let's keep our fingers crossed that this means the end of 5:30 a.m. Sunday morning trips to Southampton or Chinguacousy to have our boys practice on half ice.

With the prospect of the new double-rinks being built on Cawthra Rd. parents of boys who play on half ice or are about to play on half ice can rest assured that better things are forthcoming.

Already our son who plays in the paperweight major league is finding it hard to sleep nights in anticipation of his first ever full ice game next Saturday.

Now he can scurry up and down the ice just like Dave Keon or Gordie Howe and feel like he's right in the

National Hockey League. This means the world to him.

How wonderful it is to know that our money is being spent to keep our children off the streets and involved with minor sports instead of building fantastic drug education program

when the entire problem need not exist.

On behalf of my son I say thank you to all the politicians in Mississauga for caring about his future. A dollar invested in youth is a buck well-spent.

A happy parent.
Mississauga.

...Clear taxi picture

Sir: It's a well-known fact that if people are told the same thing often enough they will believe it, whether or not it's true.

This Sadoff character, who sets himself up as spokesman for the Toronto cab drivers, is so way out of line with his comments about the rights of cabbies to do business at Malton Airport — and the right of Mississauga to control them — that he certainly needs correcting.

Sadoff has continually been protesting that Mississauga has no right to introduce a bylaw controlling the taxi business at the airport, as it's Crown land.

Perhaps, he hasn't heard that Don Jamieson, Canada's Minister of Transport, put the ball into the town's court and told council to do just what it has done.

It's time this picture was cleared up.
A.B. Featherstonhaugh.
Mississauga.